(9) [6.]

A POEM ON THE CORONATION

Of our most Illustrious Sovereign

K. JAMES II.

And His Gracious CONSORT

Queen MARY,

Who were Crown'd at WESTMINSTER, On St. *George's-Day*, being the *23th.* this Instant *April* 1685

Written by a Person of Quality.

Jupiter in Cælis, Cæsar regat omnia Terris.

Printed by *Nathaniel Thompson* at the Entrance into the *Old-Spring-Garden* near *Charing-Cross*, MDCLXXXV.

POEM

ON THE

CORONATION

Of our most High Glorious Soveraign

KING CHARLES

THE

SECOND.

A POEM on the CORONATION.

FLie Envious *Time*; why doſt our Bliſs delay?
Repair *Death's* & Thy wrongs, & give Us *Day*;
The Day which from our Woes muſt free us all;
Whom Grief would elſe Martyr in CHARLES's fall:
That Ador'd Monarch, whoſe Illuſtrious Name
Alone, ſpeaks more, than all the Tongues of Fame.
Whoſe Loſs, levy'd a Tax of Sighs, and Moan,
And forc'd the World t'an Univerſal Groan.
Hold, hold my *Muſe*--The *Dawn* new-gilds the Skies,
See where Great JAMES our ſecond Sun does riſe,
And quite exhales theſe Vapours from our Eyes.
Tears, Tears, and the Sable ſigns of Grief, give way;
Chac'd by the Beams of this moſt Glorious Day;
A Day, doubly deſign'd by Deſtiny
To remain Sacred to Poſterity.
Something for *GEORGE's* Birth was to *It* due,
But now it is *Three Kingdoms Birth-Day* too,
From this CORONATION *We* our Lives Renew.
Each *Loyal Heart* is ſtruck by'ts *Sov'reign Rays*,
And's fill'd at once with *Gratitude* and *Praiſe*.

Hark! how the *Streets* with *cheerful Shouts* do Ring,
Exceſſive Joys in ev'ry Boſom ſpring,
And the whole Town do *IO PÆANS* ſing.
While th' Air as loath ſuch Loyal Sounds to loſe,
With thouſand *Eccboes* does prolong each cloſe;
Behold what heaps of *Hatts*, aloft there fly,
Like thickn'd *Clouds*, they ſteal away the *Sky*.
T' attend this Earthly *Jove*, the World agrees,
In landers leave their *Homes*, *Sea-men* the *Seas*;
Both *Engliſh* born, and thoſe that *Neighbours* are;
With Exultation cleave the yielding *Air*.
So in ſome *Garden*, deckt with *Flora's* Pride,
Where all the *Glories* of the *Spring* reſide,
There near a *Waxen Canopy* we ſee,
Thouſands thus Buz about the *Royal Bee*.
Nature, at this *Solemnity* Revives,
And the glad Earth by *JAMES*'s Infl'ence Thrives;
Hills, *Vallies*, *Woods*, are dreſt in New Attire,
April at its own Beauty does Admire.
The wing'd *Muſicians Carol* in the *Air*,
The Spacious Meadows, *Green-Pluſh* Mantles wear,
Nay, the pleas'd *Heaven's* without a *Cloud* appear.
While all the *Flowers* of the *Spring* do meet,
And, than *Arabian Spices*, ſmell more ſweet,
The Mighty *Pan*, the Mighty *Pan* to *Greet*.
How ſenſible the *Houſes* are, 'tis *He*!
Who but in *Arras Gowns* the *King* will ſee.

Walls

Walls, *Windows*, *Roofs*, *Tow'rs*, *Steeples*, all are ſet
VVith ſeveral *Eyes*, but the leaſt Glimpſe to get.
And lo, the *Coſtly Pomp* is now in view,
VVhich claims our *Wonder*, and our *Homage* too.
The like of this Day's State not *Italy* Sings,
Conſular Triumphs, were but petty Things:
Rome too as ſhort of this in *Shows*, you'll find,
As her *Now Glories*, are from thoſe declin'd.

Triumphant Sight! In this one Train we may
Of all that's *Noble*, take a full Survey.
Do *Arms* Delight ye? Surfeit here your View
On *Troops*, as can th' Inſulting World ſubdue.

Nay *Learning* here in its Perfection ſhines,
And *Athens* now to *Weſtminſter* Reſigns.
Religion, *Law*, each her beſt Charms diſplays,
Chear'd by the Warmth of His Indulgent Rayes,
VVho gave His *Word*, that He'll maintain their State,
His *Word*, Unalterable as the Book of Fate.

VVho'll ſay, the City Brethren, Miſers be,
And but beholds, their this *Days Bravery*?
None, none; and by their Gallantry, all gueſs,
Their *Loyalty*'s the Cauſe of this Exceſs.

VVhat Rich Attire the *Spirit'al Lords* array!
VVhat *Maſſie Coronets* Adorn the Lay!
Such Cloaths of *Gold* and *Silver*, Kill my Brain,
My *Opticks* fail, and I grow Blind again,

Arch-

Arch-Angels ſure, leaving their Glorious Sphere,
Once more themſelves have Bodify'd, and here
Reſolve, as *Engliſh Nobles* to appear.
Princes who've ſtill been waited on, now wait,
And *Bowing* Here, they count they ſit in State.
But ſtay! — In this *Terreſtial Galary*,
A *Glitt'ring Troop*, of *Beauties* I deſcry,
VVho Raviſh with too Bright a *Tyrany*.
Such *Luſtre* ne're was ſeen in *Thetis Train*,
VVhen Dreſt i'th' Native *Jewels* of the *Main*.
At ev'ry Look I take new Charms ariſe,
Bright are their *Diamonds*, Brighter are their *Eyes*.
And in each Lovely Face, do plainly move,
Un-number'd Signs of *Beauty*, *Wit* and *Love*.
Shou'd Cold *Diogenes* theſe *Fair Ones* ſee.
Pierc'd by their *Darts* he wou'd Enamour'd be.
But what Freſh Object's this Invades my Eye,
And bids my Soul gaze there Eternally?
Aſſur'd I am, our *Climate* never held
Before a *Beauty* ſo unparallel'd.
All *Heavenly Features* joyn themſelves in one,
To ſhew their Triumph in this *Face* alone;
The *Salvages*, that Worſhip the *Suns Riſe*,
Wou'd hate their *God*, if they beheld theſe *Eyes*.
The *Wealth* She wears about Her, more does hide
Than it Adorns, Her *Native Beauty's* Pride.

Mir-

Mirour of *Heav'n*! *Wonder* of the *Earth*!
Oh! thou *Bright Goddeſs* of *Cæleſtial Birth*!
Now *Cæſar's* Glory Augmentable ſeems,
Since You appear, and daign to mix your *Beams*,
'Tis She! 'Tis *England's* QUEEN whom thus we view,
QUEEN long ago, and now *Anointed* too.
The *Crown*, not Her, but She the *Crown* does Grace,
Before She ſway'd an *Empire* in Her Face.
Had *Virgil* liv'd this MARY but to ſee,
Dido had in Oblivion Slept, and She
Had giv'n his *Muſe*, Her beſt *Eternity*.
And now the *Monarch* of the Day's in ſight,
From whom, the reſt receive their Borrow'd *Light*.
Who giving way, His *Brighter Splendour* own,
As *Stars* do vaniſh at th' approach o'th' *Sun*.
Oh! what a Flood of Virtues from Him flows!
How like a *God* Inſtall'd on Earth He ſhows!
Thus when the Thickeſt Darkneſs *Phœbus* Shrowds,
With greater Fulgence he breaks through thoſe *Clouds*:
Look on His *Face*, His *Royal Mein* but mind,
And to be *Traytors* now, we muſt be blind.
Mankinds Delight! and *Heavens* chiefeſt Care,
To Victory, as to's *Crown* the *Lawful Heir*.
The World has always Shook at His *Alarms*,
At *Sea* and *Land* Succeſs ſtill Crown'd His *Arms*.

Ye Bold *Excluders*, see your Injur'd Prince,
And may this Sight you of your Crime convince,
Crouch, Crouch, *Rebellious Sirs*, & own your Insolence
Both how to *Pardon*, and *Revenge*, He knows,
To Guard his *Friends*, and to Destroy his *Foes*.
Down, down then at His *Feet* without delay,
With double *Loyalty* His Wrongs repay;
Lay, lay Him in your Hearts, and beg of Fate,
He long may Reign, though He is Crown'd, but late
He shall; for th' thing that's slowly's sure done,
And He whom *Heaven* designs to fix on's *Throne*,
It is the longer sitting Him thereon.
No more shall Lawless, Hair-brain'd *Faction Rage*,
But may His Reign bring back the *Golden Age*.
May from His Sacred Consort's Wombs Increase,
Spring Present Joy, and Future Ages *Peace*.
Let's keep that Path, which He, (a *Subject*) made,
Who still His King, Unmurmuring Obey'd.
Let's think His Foes be Ours, as so They are,
Think on His *Martyr'd Father*, and beware.
And let this Sight, (though ended,) ne're be done,
But let it still, and still be Thought upon,
And Thought on, ev'n to Convert *Rebellion*.

FINIS.

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